A

Congratulatory POEM,

ON HER

MAJESTIES

HAPPY

RECOVERY,

AND

RETURN

To Meet Her

PARLIAMENT.

By Mr. TATE, Poet-Laureat to Her Majesty.

Flebile *Principium*, Melior *Fortuna ſecuta.* Ovid.

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A Congratulatory POEM, ON Her MAJESTIES Happy RECOVERY, &c.

A Mourning *Muſe*, with Wrongs and Years declin'd,
In ſullen Shades, and ſilent Sorrow, pin'd.
Yet, not her *faded* Lawrel, nor the Frown
Of Partial Cenſure, chas'd her from the Town;
Careleſs and Cold, when *Young*, in Queſt of Praiſe,
Such Wants, in *Age*, her Spleen could never raiſe.
But (oh!) a Loſs beyond both *Indie*'s Wealth,
By fierce Attacks upon her SOV'RAIGN's Health!
A Shock that, from her *Windſor*'s lofty Pile,
Shot ſympathizing *Tremblings* through our Iſle,

Follow'd with Rumours, forg'd by *Factious* Spite,
What Vengeance muſt ſuch *Forgery* requite,
That fill'd th' Aſtoniſh'd Realm with Dire Affright.

O Time, review the Courſes you have run,
Since your Deſtructive Iron Age begun;
See if a Seaſon's in your Roll contain'd,
Where ſuch a Panick Conſternation reign'd.

Auguſt BRITANNIA, in that diſmal Hour,
Half-bluſhing, ſaw her gen'rous *Lion* cow'r;
Yet his Deſpondence ſtill forbore to blame,
Conſcious that in her *Self* ſhe felt the Same:
Forlorn, on Earth, her Empire's Emblems lay,
Her Sceptre dropt, as weary of its Sway,
And Golden Globe roll'd careleſly away;
Yet ſtill an Air of Grandeur did confeſs;
Awful in Grief, Majeſtick in Diſtreſs.

AUGUSTA, who had rear'd her Caſtled Head
Above the Clouds, ſtoopt to the *Common* Dread,

And with the ſame Convulſive Horrour gaz'd,
As when her Tumbling Tow'rs the Skies amaz'd,
And *Troy-Novant* Old *Priam*'s *Troy* out-blaz'd.
With Looks againſt her Throng'd *Exchange* appear'd,
As of a Gen'ral Ship-wreck They had heard;
Mean while their Dwellings rang with Matrons Groans,
Reſembling poor diſtracted *Ramah*'s Moans,
To ſee her Streets turn'd to a Purple Flood,
And Delug'd with her ſlaughter'd Infants Blood.

Hail Great AUGUSTA, yet of Leſs Renown
For Wealth, than gen'rous Service to the *Crown*,
What have the Pow'rs that Piety regard
For Thee reſerv'd in ſtore? What vaſt * Reward?
O ſince no Pitch of Merit can confer
Immortal Station in this Earthly Sphere,

* *Dii Tibi, (ſi qua Pios reſpectant Numina, ſi quid Uſquam Juſtitia eſt, & Mens ſibi Conſcia Recti) Præmia digna ferant.* ——Virg.

When BRITAIN Next (O may that Next be Late!)
Is Threaten'd with her QUEEN's Approaching Fate,
Let Then AUGUSTA's *Loyalty* remain
In Heav'n's Remembrance, and *Prolong* her Reign!

Her THAMES, his Tributary Thanks to pay,
And at his Empreſs 'Feet rich Preſents lay,
Flow'd up; but hearing, from a neighb'ring Vale
(Where Shepherds us'd to Sing) a diſmal Tale,
Ran frighted Back, with ſuch impetuous Roar
As pierc'd the Seas, and ſhook the *Belgic* Shore:
Wide as our Ocean the ſad Story ſpreads,
Scar'd *Tritons* ſtarted from their Coral-Beds;
The *Nereids* tore the Treſſes from their Heads.
Neptune, who lately, in his chryſtal Wain,
Had travers'd his Lov'd *Albion*'s ambient Main,
Tir'd with his Progreſs, was withdrawn to Sleep
In azure Bow'rs, beneath the briny Deep,

Reſum'd

Reſum'd his Chariot, and, with ſwift Aſcent,
His Fav'rite-Sailors Shipwreck to prevent,
Sternly O'er-lookt his ruffled Element:
His ſnorting *Hippodams* did Flames reſpire,
That Glitt'ring ſeem'd to ſet the Flood on Fire;
In Rage his Shaggy dripping Locks he ſhook,
And with his Trident Thrice the Billows ſtrook;
To Right and Left the ſinking Waves divide,
And for his Paſſage leave a foamy Tide:
With ſuch an Awful, yet Auſpicious Grace
Above the ſwelling Surge he ſhew'd his Face,
To chide the Storm, and ſave the *Trojan* Race.

With *Beauty Brib'd, the Winds Controller, Then
Releas'd his ſtruggling Pris'ners from their Den,

* *Sunt mihi bis Septem, præſtanti Corpore, Nymphæ,*
Quarum, Quæ Formâ Pulcherima, Deiopeiam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, Propriamque dicabo.
So ſaid *Juno* to *Æolus*, perſuading him to let the Winds looſe upon the *Trojan* Ships.

But

But whence This Uproar, when, in Caverns kept,
Boreas and all his bluſtring Brothers ſlept?
Twas Rumour's Blaſt, that with ſuch Terrour blew
At Land, this Tempeſt on our Ocean threw.

Nor leſs, tho' leſs Tumultuous, than the Sea's,
The Grief that rag'd in Rural Cottages:
Speak Groves and Springs, if in thoſe doubtful Days
You hear'd the Trip of Nymphs, or Shepherds Lays?
If any Care the heartleſs Herds-man took
To drive his pining Cattle to the Brook;
The Seed-Time favour'd with Indulgent Beams,
And what? no Ploughmen whiſtling to their Teams?
Both Herds and Flocks, averſe to all Relief,
And Sympathizing with their Owners Grief:
The ſullen Steed turn'd from the Stream his Head,
And Faſted, tho' to freſheſt Paſture led:
Sick Bees refus'd their finiſht Cells to fill,
No wanton Kid would browze, nor am'rous Turtle
(bill,

This

This ſwelling Scene of Woes the *Muſe* beheld,
Her Self the while with Greater Sorrow ſwell'd;
They deeply Griev'd, but to Diſtraction *She*;
Their Pangs were ſharp, but Hers was *Agony*.
Thus Gratitude Endeavour'd to diſcharge (Large,
Her Long-contracted Debt, but found the Debt too
That ſtill a mighty Sum of *Thanks* remains
For Royal Smiles confer'd on humble Strains;
Yet Strains that could to Majeſty Appeal,
And for *Deficient* Skill atone with Ardent *Zeal*.

BUT Now, when moſt of Comfort ſhe deſpair'd,
Auſpicious Signals the bleſt CHANGE declar'd;
Her Pipe (for on the Ground her Pipe was flung,
And high, to Winds expos'd, her Harp was hung.)
Her Pipe Leapt up and Play'd, (ſhe knew not How)
Her Harp Loud-Anſwer'd, from a dancing Bough,
The Meſſage *Zephyr* Whiſper'd to her Shell,
Melodiouſly Reſounding *All is Well*.

For Joy, freſh Bloom ſprang out on blaſted Bow'rs;
Old Winter crown'd his hoary Head with Flow'rs:

No Tree but had its Boughs with Verdure dreſt;
No Bough but where ſome Bird had built a Neſt;
No Bird but had a Sylvan Sonnet brought;
No Sonnet but with Wondrous Method wrought:
Trees, Branches, Birds and Songs *Conſorting* All
With Whiſtling Winds, and Vocal Water's Fall,
Repaid, with Intereſt, from reſounding Plains,
With ſpritely Carolings of jolly Swains;
Undiſciplin'd, and yet a *Tuneful* Throng;
Strangers to Town and Court; yet, *Born* for *Song*,
Low, but Delightful, as the flow'ry Meads:
Proud to perſue the Paths where † *Nature* leads:
Too Tim'rous to Aſpire at * *Modern* Flights;
Nor Rapt with *New* Enthuſiaſtic *Lights*:
Yet, Tracing Nature, did in Art Excel;
For what is Art but Nature *Copy'd* well.
They Sang and Play'd, till the ſurpriſing Sound
Of Fame's ſhrill Trumpet Their low Muſick drown'd,
Aloft they ſpy'd Her poſting with a Train
Of ſmiling *Tranſports* hov'ring round her Wain:

---

* *Nobis non licet eſſe tàm Diſertis,*
Qui Muſas colimus Severiores. Mart.

† *Grandis & pudica Oratio, non Turgida eſt, ſed* Naturali *Pulchritudine exurgit.* Petr. Arb.

The

The gazing Sun was ſtartled to behold
Her Chariot dazling *His*, with brighter Gold,
Whilſt, Halting, She theſe charming Tidings told.

Now Swains your *Britain*'s Fears are Over-blown,
And on her factious Foes the Terrour thrown.
Tis ſo, for from Her CAPITOL I come,
(Far, far Tranſcending That of Antient *Rome*)
Where STARRS of the Firſt Magnitude were met;
Next Them, her Second Orb in Council ſet;
Who by their * CHOICE, ſo Gen'ral, Wiſe, and Juſt,
Gave Proof how Worthy of their *Country's* Truſt;
An Early and Sure Pledge what vaſt Renown
Shall the Tranſactions of This *Seſſion* Crown:
Both Regions, by Themſelves tranſporting Sights,
Now Blazing with Acceſs of *Northern* Lights,
In whoſe *United* Aſpects I could view
The Welcome † Tidings that would ſoon enſue;
Eſtabliſh'd PEACE, and Amicable TRADE,
The Ruins to repair that War has made.
Ev'n EUROPE's Peace, ſo Long in faint Suſpence,
With That bright CONSTELLATION did Commene.

* Of their *Speaker*.

† The Ratifications of the Treaty for *Peace* and *Commerce* with *Spain*.

In

I ſtay'd to hear All Summon'd to the Sphere
Where Royal CINTHIA'S Self would ſoon Appear;
OurCINTHIA came,think Swains what Splendour ſhone
From *Britain's* CINTHIA, Seated on her Throne!
Where Majeſty ſhot Dread, and Meekneſs Smil'd,
Like *Juno* Awful, as *Aurora* Mild.
The Morning Lowr'd, it's Afternoon Serene
In juſt Reſpect to my Pacific QUEEN.

But Doubly Bleſt who ſaw and heard Her *Speak*!
They heard the Spheres, and ſaw the Morning break:
A Preſence ſo Angelic as could Charm
And Malecontents of all their Rage diſarm;
Accents that Storms of Diſcord could Diſpel,
While Softer They than ſhedding *Roſes* fell.
They fell, but not to Ground, for, Waiting nigh,
Wing'd *Zephyrs* watcht, to waft 'em to the Sky.
But Oh! my Hundred Tongues are all too few
To ſpeak their*Senſe*;ThereSwains,thatTranſcriptView,
Then dropt a Schedule, follow'd by a Show'r
Of Jeſs'mine Bloſſoms from th' *Olympic* Bow'r,
This Charge perform'd, Away her Chariot Whirl'd,
To bear the joyful News, Around th' Applauding
(World.

FINIS.